10

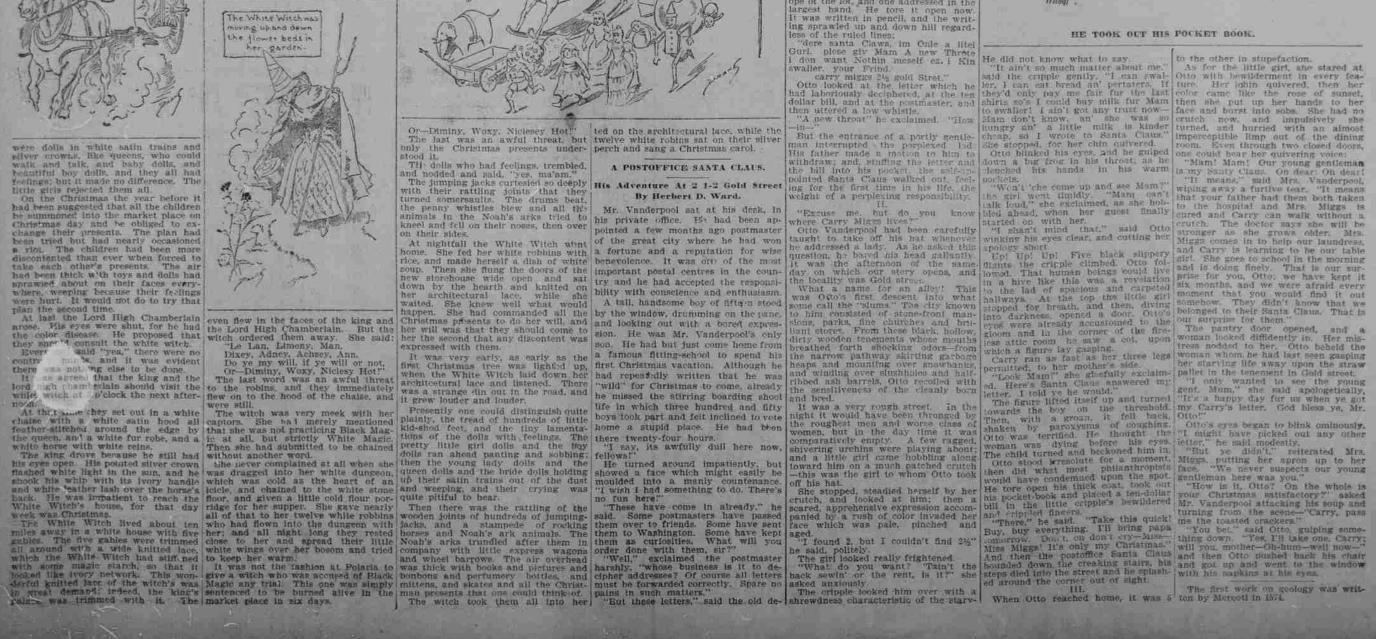


of either isiacs or the community.

The poor dolls who had been invented by a great genius of Polaria and had feelings just as natural as life, lay under the wifedows in the snow-hanks and wept piteously, until the officers of the Humane society came with ambulances and gathered them up. There

This was of course, very unfortunate, because she might refuse in consequence to give advice, of which the country stood in need; but the law









How much money have you brought with you?" demanded Mr. Vanderpool.

The boy bit his lip. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out three one-cent peices.

"How do you expect to be Santa Claus with but 2 cents?" continued his father with affected severity. "You will have to give up something. I see no other way, once you take the letter. What will you give up?"

Otto expected a new pair of club skales or a pair of fur gloves or some superfluous luxury that poor boys do not think of getting. It was a short struggle. Then his face brightened. "I tell you what, I'll give up your Christmas to me, father. Now let's have the letter."

"If you devote the amount I have planned for your Christmas to the planned for your Christmas to this playing Santa Claus. you musn't expect any more," seld the postmaster. "You understand that, Otto?"

"Then you claim this letter to be addressed to you? You are Santa Claus to it?"

"Yes, sure pop."





Or-Diminy, Woxy. Niclesey Hot?" ted on the architectural lace, while the The last was an awful threat, but twelve white robins sat on their sliver only the Christmas presents understood it.

The dolls who had feelings, trembled,

A POSTOFFICE SANTA CLAUS.